

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES
THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY
210 West Colfax Avenue, South Bend, Indiana
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana.
BY CARRIER.
Daily and Sunday, in advance, per day and by the week...
BY MAIL.
Daily and Sunday in advance, per year...
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For Advertisers Representatives.
Advertising Building, Chicago
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, AUGUST 25, 1913.

AND IT CAME TO PASS.
The ticket of the misnamed citizens' party, has been chosen. The plan of a few scheming individuals to gain personal prestige and advantage through the unfortunate split in the republican party has taken its final forward step. After months of agitation, and miles of Tribune editorials supplemented by many little speeches by those ever ready vocalists, Happ and Guilfoyle, the gold dust twins of the new dispensation, the alleged "popular uprising" fell dolefully flat.

The people did not arise because there was no occasion for an uprising. A "popular" movement to be such in fact must come up from the people; it can not be hatched out in a real estate office and driven into the minds of the people. "It is the people of England" said the three tailors of Tooley street and the people of England laughed. "It is the citizens of South Bend" wheezed the four ex-presidents of the chamber of commerce and the people of South Bend chuckled.

The scheme of the four ex-presidents was a clever one and if backed by honesty of purpose or in the hands of popular leadership might have assumed proportions. With high sounding but false noted platitudes they sought to arouse the public but the people are not so easily misled. The Tribune whined the same old whine that it has overworked since Colfax was mayor and Tony Barrett was king. It attacked the character of men better known and better beloved than itself, it traduced the good name of the city and heralded its false utterances abroad as it has done to South Bend's damage for many years, but the Tribune has never led a popular movement under its present editorial control.

As we have observed, the scheme was a clever one. With the republican party hopelessly divided and the leaders of each faction at sword's points, there appeared an opportunity for a new Moses to arise to lead the broken columns together. As a matter of business policy the Tribune could not espouse the cause of the republican minority, it did not have the courage to follow over to the majority wing of the party. Now there are in every community those who itch for the power of place and the prestige of being near the throne. South Bend numbers such among its people—but it does not boast much about it. We have four ex-presidents of the C. of C. men who enjoyed a temporary seeming importance. As a coterie Messrs. Miller, Happ, Keller, and Guilfoyle rode that organization almost to its death. At one time they schemed a plan by which the ex-presidents became ex-officio directors—a plan aimed to prolong their personal control but when their resolution was presented to the members it met a violent death. But that is another story. The Tribune thought the ex-presidents would be ideal factors in wishing its new movement upon the people. It sought to disguise the plan to solidify its party by avoiding the beaten paths of politics. But the people are wise in their day and generation. No one was fooled.

The ex-presidents featured Guilfoyle as a democrat opposed to politicians. Guilfoyle of the Michigan City convention, Guilfoyle of the fifth ward Lester-Skillman fight, Guilfoyle, who has dictated more democratic patronage than any other non office-holding democrat. Is it any wonder the people smiled? In this brief resume we neglect to mention that Mr. Guilfoyle is not doing any particular patronage dictating at the present time, hence etc., etc.

Then D. W. Place was aroused from a political rest. The curse of republicanism must be removed from the new party. A few wise leaders saw the necessity for a democrat as nominee to save the face of the situation. Others saw the expediency of exploiting Place's candidacy without giving him the nomination. The bulk of the following are republican place hunters—of one branch or other of the party, who would march under any banner to put the democracy off watch. An honest campaign with that avowed intention would have accomplished more. The hypocrisy of it all, the self-sanctification and four-flushing has nauseated the community. Approximately one sixth the voting strength of the city listened to the call. About one-twelfth of the city's voters supported the nominee. "We, the people—Tooley street and Jefferson building, verily history doth repeat.

Practically no democrats affiliated with the ex-presidents. As between the two wings of the republican party, the Bull Moose carried the day—with Warner repaid for throwing his party as county chairman.

The only surprise of the day was the defeat of Lewinski by Lengel. Mr. Lengel is listed in the city directory as a bar-tender. It was thought the Tribune would oppose him. It seems however that his nomination was made to placate the bartenders' union and of course politics is politics. The primary was set for a Saturday. With the shops closed one half day and every one free to vote, an effort was made to approach the heavy vote of the democratic primary, meetings were held and men importuned, the bushes were beat and the tom-tom pounded—but the people did not rise.

A popular movement must come up from the people, it can not be crammed down their throats by selfish, designing men who embrace the aristocratic Hamiltonian doctrine, "Some men are born to rule and we are of them."

A FALSE BASIS.

If the hopes of republicans and progressives of reuniting their forces on the basis of hard times following the enactment of the tariff and currency bills, as indicated by Rep. Madden of Illinois, are doomed to be blasted.

As the boy said of the apple core, "They ain't to be no" hard times.

There is nothing in the condition of the country to warrant such a result and if artificially created it will react on the authors of it, for whom the reunited republican party must stand sponsor.

Popular sentiment favors the policies pursued by the president in the revision of the tariff and the enactment of currency legislation itself. The progressive element in all parties approves what is being done to relieve the people of unnecessary and unjust burdens. Everybody except those associated with protected interests and profiting by the control of the money power in New York is in hearty accord with the plan to clear the nation's decks of the legislative incumbrances that have accumulated during the past fifty years.

There is no occasion for a business scare. The crops are good, prices are high, industries are working up to their full capacity. It is true panics have occurred under the same conditions, but they were artificially created for politics or profit, but it is the purpose of current legislation to deprive the interests of the power to repeat these crimes against the people.

The republicans and progressives must have some better reason than disaster for getting together, because "they ain't agoin' to be no" disaster.

COOPERATION INVITED.

We think George M. Reynolds, the Chicago banker, took a very sensible view of the currency situation at the conference of the currency commission of the American Bankers' association.

money to go to Europe will have the opportunity of their lives if the steamship war on rates comes to the point prophesied. It is to be "war to the knife and knife to the hilt."

If the Tribune claim that many democrats would vote at the so-called citizens' primary was made good the number of republicans and progressives at the polls must have been small.

The big Keokuk dam, one of the great engineering achievements of the age, is to be dedicated on Tuesday. The amount of power that will be generated is almost fabulous.

Satisfaction obtained by leaders of the so-called citizens' movement from comparing their vote with that for the republican and progressive tickets look like a favored smile.

The small vote at the so-called citizens' primary is easily accounted for. The people learned the true inwardness of the movement and failed to take an interest.

Suggestions of changes in the currency bill made by bankers will undoubtedly receive due consideration. Pres. Wilson has let it be understood that suggestions will be welcomed.

Huerta is backing water like a stern wheel river boat. He finds his conception of American sentiment was quite to the bad.

More citizens of South Bend favor the election of Patrick A. Joyce for mayor than voted at the so-called citizens' primary.

The announcement that Paris fashions will be more vivid than usual creates speculation as to what the limit may be.

That flash of public sentiment that was to rise and sweep the city like a tidal wave hardly wet the grass.

Apparently Gov. Sulzer is being ousted on the installment plan. He is slipping by inches as it were.

The way the Tribune-Happ Keller combination planned it all came out in the wash.

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK
BY NORMAN.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—To few mortals falls a more surprising adventure, even in Marvelous Manhattan, than that which befell Mr. and Mrs. Elener de Sapres.

De Sapres is an art editor on a magazine. He and his wife, Edith, live in an apartment at 149 W. 12th st. They were peacefully slumbering in the front room of the said apartment at 2 o'clock of a recent morning when two total strangers crawled through a window into the room, having clambered up a fire escape.

Mrs. de Sapres, awakened, kicked her husband. She was frightened to speak, but her terror did not extend to her legs. De Sapres awoke just in time to find an electric flash light being flashed into his wife's face by one man, while the other grabbed him.

Over the bed hung an old army bayonet. De Sapres grabbed it and gave battle to the two intruders, whom he supposed to be burglars. He certainly did cut them up some. His wife pulled down an antiquated ruff which hung near the bayonet and joined in the fight. The two prowlers were getting much the worst of it when three more men burst in a door and came to the rescue of the first two.

One of these turned on the light, and at once all of them became anxious to get away. But just then two policemen arrived, attracted by the uproar, and took everybody into custody. De Sapres' blood of the first two intruders was a husband and wife who were seeking divorce evidence against his wife, and a private detective. They had been reinforced by another detective and two law clerks. The party had very carefully picked out the wrong apartment, that was all, in their search for the recalcitrant wife.

Magistrate Corrigan sent the whole five to Blackwell's island for 30 days. "De Sapres would have been justified in killing both of the first two men who entered his rooms," said the magistrate. The de Sapres are scarcely consoled by the punishment of the maniacs, as in the melee more than \$500 worth of art treasures in their rooms, was smashed to bits.

DON'T BOTHER.
By Bertion Braley.

I'd really like to write, if you can ever find time. A letter fills me with delight. When written from a foreign clime. I'd like to hear about your trip. And if the beds were soft or hard. But kindly takes this little tip. Don't send me any picture card!

I have a million cards at home. From Buffalo and New Rochelle. From Cork and London, Paris, Rome. And each one reads, "We all are well."

The weather's fine—wish you were here."

No more of that; such stuff is barred. I'd like to hear you write my dear. But don't you send a picture card.

Just scribble on an unpalp bill. Or write on postboard, tin or zinc. Typewrite your missives, if you will. Or pencil them, or write with ink. And make them short or make them long.

I still hold you in regard. But, prithee, harken to my song. Don't send me any picture card!

Minister Praises This Laxative
Rev. H. Stubbins of Allison, Ia., in praising Dr. King's New Life Pills for constipation, writes:—"Dr. King's New Life Pills are such perfect pills no home should be without them. No better regulator for the liver and bowels. Every pill guaranteed. Try them. Price, 25c. at All Druggists."

THE METTING POT

THE MAIN THING.

It may be old and shabby. It may rattle in the gears. The tires may wear patches. Like boys of tender years. It may make the echoes loudly. As it trundles up the road. And make a noise suggesting it is likely to explode.

But it goes. O, yes, it goes. Spite of strangling And exploding And epileptic throes.

You may think when we start it. Something's happened to the earth. And when your fears are overcome Give free vent to your mirth. You may swear you'd rather walk Than ride in such a dink. But we don't caradam for that. Nor for what the people think.

For it goes, O, yes, it goes. Spite of strangling And exploding And epileptic throes.

IT has come to an issue whether women shall wear an X-ray skirt or an extra skirt. The minions of the law have forced it. Now we shall see whether this alleged reform can be compelled by edict or will await the pleasure of the alleged offenders. It is creditable to the sense of fairness for which the masculine mind is justly celebrated that the average man has made no complaint, resting secure in the confidence that the eternal verities will eventually prevail.

AN ARGUMENT FOR THE RECALL.

Old Schuy, Colfax, sweetly remembered as "Curly," sends us the following as an example of inhuman cruelty on the part of a judge:

Man Sentenced to Six Months in South Bend.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Aug. 18.—Six months in South Bend was the sentence given Richard Reynolds by Municipal Judge Sabath of Chicago. Reynolds has just arrived here to serve "time." When the young man appeared in court to answer charges of failure to provide for his mother his parent asked that the prisoner receive permission to come to this city, where he has obtained a position. The request was granted, the judge ordering Reynolds to remain in this city continuously for a half year.

"Never Son More Dearer Than My Pasquale," Who Works in Candy Factory

BY MARY BOYLE O'REILLY.
Staff Correspondence.

THE GHETTO, Aug. 25.—"And for ambition, Signorina. Ne ver was another like my Pasquale for ambition." "Mia Madre," he tell me, "what matters work? Me, I am big, strong—see." Pretty soon, after three year, or four, we buy one little house, just you and me. Patienza. Wo me the favor to believe." Senora Maria Caputo, a brave little figure in tidy singham, emphasized her words with a characteristic Italian jerk of her kerchiefed head. Next instant lines of pain fretted her brown old face and her sunken lips grew tremulous.

"Ah, Signorina. The poor are so rich in hopes. When my Pasquale get work in that factory me, I think already how it feel in our little house. Nine dollars every week they pay heem—no so bad—no. I think me, I have five dollars in the stocking. When I say, 'Look, mio figlio, we grow rich—rich, ah, now he laugh.' Ecco, never was son more dearer than my Pasquale."

"Scusi, Signorina, if I say he—how the neighbors they love heem already. All those little children run by the corner to catch heem hand. Aug, they look in his pockets, too, those small ones. For the Signorina must know my Pasquale work by a candy factory—the biggest in all New York."

"You are the most best liked young man on the East Side. Who can tell but some day you will be a big man, a tammam-i poli-i-ti-can."

Then he catch my old face in his strong hand and say, while his eyes smile, "Precisely, Signora. Bebe grazie."

"Die Santo, when one remembers. It is as yesterday the factory boss he come to say, 'Pasquale, I have for you more good job, twelve dollar the week. No more will you lift the barrels, no, I will trust you to finish the candy. When those jelly beans come all rough from the chopper you—YOU will give them the shine. Se what I think of you.'"

"Bene, Signorina, when my boy tell me I am proud. That three dollar tell me I am proud."

The Home Beauty Parlor
By Betty Dean

Mrs. W.: Your wrinkles, especially in middle age, are inexcusable and a certain remedy for them consists in treating the skin thoroughly with a plain almond cream jelly, easily made at home. This is made by pouring 2 teaspoonfuls glycerine in 1/2 pint cold water, into which is then poured one ounce almond macerate. This simple vegetable cream jelly will quickly rid the skin of lines, blackheads and wrinkles and when used for baby muscles and hollows will make the flesh firm and smooth.

Sally M.: Your dry hair and dandruff are common troubles which are very easily cured. Try this tonic which I and many of my friends have used and found perfect. Mix one ounce quinquina with 1/2 pint alcohol and add 1/2 pint cold water. Rub this mixture into the scalp twice a week and the hair-roots will take on a healthy growth. I know nothing so prompt and sure in destroying dandruff and to remedy itching scalp. This tonic is wonderfully stimulating to hair growth and will cause the hair to grow thick and luxuriant. I am writing today about cantharox also. See answer to Verity.

Verity: I will keep your scalp clean and plant by occasionally shampooing with a teaspoonful cantharox dissolved in a cup hot water, the hair-roots will grow strong and vigorous, resulting in a head of healthy, beautiful hair. This cantharox, which is easier to use than any shampoo of which I know, creates a wealth of white thick lather that dissolves all dust and dandruff and neutralizes excess oil. Rinsing leaves the scalp immediately clean and the hair dries rapidly, with a rich, even color and is ever so fluffy and brilliant.

WE are strongly moved to mirth when we read the warning of the rich to young men that money is not the most desirable thing in the world.

PRESUMABLY it is the difference in time that gives South Bend whatever advantage may be derived from getting the five o'clock editions of Chicago papers at three o'clock.

Establishes His Identity.
Sir: Don't you fellows try to connect us in any way with that guy who jumped the bug joint. We are, you have noticed, Adam Phule, and not Adam Nutt. Hoping you are convinced, we are, Yours truly, ADAM PHULE.

THE iceman and the coalman having become concurrent through the growing custom of laying in coal in summer some new winter target of anathema must be selected. Who shall it be?

THE first installment of G. C. Schiödet Olufsen's name has been received from Chicago. Curiously enough the last part was sent first. What G. C. stands for must keep us in suspense.

The Gifted Phule.
We feel, Adam Phule, that by nature you're gifted to write comic things that give laughter a chance; and, knowing by laughter mankind is uplifted, the good you are doing we see at a glance. ANN ADMYERER.

Some Would Prefer Art.
(Newspaper Clipping.)
In one down town cafe Venus wears a pair of diaphanous trouserettes, and the Lady with the Goose is garbed in a silk skirt, the slit extending perilously close to the Lady's neck. In another cafe where the proprietor boasted a really handsome group depicting Pan piping to a bevy of "altogether" woodland nymphs, Pan has been forced to don a specially made pair of overalls and the girls are dressed up in pajamas, nighties and mother hubbards. "The Sleeping Beauty," who has for years reposed safely, untroubled, now wears a made-to-order policeman's uniform. The proprietor said he could think of no more fitting garb for a sleeping figure.

WHILE others prefer clothes, C. N. F.

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nish for the children's candy is shellac made thin by spirits.
"See where he sits, Signorina, thinking, thinking, what harm he has done all those little children. Ah, Dio Santo, if you could know how strong he was, and ambitious, my Pasquale."

BOYS PULL BOX.
Central fire companies were called to a supposed fire when box No. 322 rang in an alarm Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Two small boys pulled the box, and were brought back to the station with the fire department. They were released.

The Best Pain Killer.
Bucklen's Arnica Salve when applied to a cut, bruise, sprain, burn or scald, or other injury of the skin will immediately remove all pain. E. E. Chamberlain of Clinton, Me., says:—"It robs cuts and other injuries of their terrors. As a healing remedy its equal don't exist." Will do good for you. Only 25c. at All Druggists. Adv.

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